

THE TORRANCE HERALD
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"TORRANCE MEANS BUSINESS"

"The Modern Industrial City" and "America's First Great Industrial Garden City"—10,000 in 1925

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TORRANCE
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THE "ALL HOME NEWS" PAPER

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WHAT WE NEED

Citizens of this town are no different from those of other communities when it comes to wondering what the world needs most to put it back in the groove it ought to be running in. But usually in seeking the cause for conditions we complain about we go too far from home.

What this country needs is not a new birth of freedom, but the old-fashioned \$2 lower berth.

What this country needs isn't more liberty, but less people who take liberties with our liberty.

What this country needs is not a job for every man, but a real man for every job.

What this country needs isn't to get more taxes from the people, but for the people to get more from their taxes.

What this country needs is not more miles of territory, but more miles to the gallon.

What this country needs is more tractors and less detractors.

What this country needs isn't more young men making speed, but more young men planting the right kind of seed.

What this country needs is more paint on the old place and less paint on the young face.

What this country needs isn't a lower rate of interest on money, but a higher interest in work.

ARE YOU GUILTY?

Anonymous letters are one of the weakest and most cowardly methods of expression of sentiment the world knows. The anonymous letter-writer seizes the opportunity of expressing some hateful sentiment without using his name. He belongs to the back-biting class. He merely wants to be some voice in the crowd that howls out something naughty, and then dodges out of view. Nothing hurts a no-name letter writer so much as publicity. He shrinks from the thought of anybody finding out who he is, and he wants to do all of his meanness in the dark. There is a well established rule of newspaper publishers that all communications must be signed to receive any consideration. The position taken is that if anyone is too cowardly to acknowledge authorship of a communication he desires no consideration. An unsigned letter is fit for nothing but waste basket material. Remember this, if you ever feel inclined to write one—and also remember that the anonymous letter writer is always meaner than the person he writes about.

TIME TO SIT TIGHT

With the old world in an uproar. Turks butchering Christians; Greece threatening her ruler until he was forced to abdicate to prevent war; Germany still contending she'll never pay and England facing trouble from several sides, now is a pretty good time for Americans to sit steady in the boat. From the humblest citizen to the president of the United States, we have each and every one work to do that demands our whole attention, and the time we devote to worrying or fretting about Europe's affairs is that much time taken from our own best interests. Conditions are not so bad with us but they could be a million times worse. We have only to pick up a daily paper and read of the upheavals overseas to realize this. And conditions are going to improve here just as we individually attend to our own work, and keep on the job. We don't want to become involved in anything over there—and the best way to keep out is to stick on our job, refuse to agitate, and sit steady in the boat.

HOW THEY GOT THEIRS

They say that Henry Ford is now the richest man in the United States, if not in the world. A Wall street paper that ought to know says Ford is richer than John D. Rockefeller. That is interesting and significant. Ford made his money reducing prices, and Rockefeller made his advancing prices. Ford started out to make a luxury so cheap that everyone could afford one. John D. started out to monopolize a necessity and force everybody to pay his price. Both have made a success of their respective games. The great financial interests helped John D. at every turn of the game. The same interests are fighting Henry Ford at every turn. That is because Ford has introduced a new industrial philosophy into American life—to pay as high wages as possible and to sell as low and as cheaply as possible. Ford has proved it can be done successfully.

But, did you ever stop to consider that Ford never did anything for the workingman until after he had amassed together a million or so of the cherished dollars. Then he began to help the poor mechanic who labored for him. Allow most of us to accumulate a million and any of us can begin doing philanthropic deeds. Carnegie received aid of government troops to subdue his striking miners who asked for two-bits a day raise. After a fortune too large to spend was accumulated by Carnegie he began giving away libraries all over the world. Fine business—for the workingman.

Boy's Adventures In Jungle

True Story of Thrilling Experiences of Torrance Resident in the Wilds of Florida Everglades

(Continued from Last Week.)

Leaving the home of the manatee and heading down the river, we gave ourselves up to complete rest, for the excitement of the past ten days had not been good for mother and she told the boatman that she simply wished to float down the river and rest.

A mild form of excitement, however, was indulged in a night or two later when the asked permission to replenish the boat's larder by spearing fish by torchlight. As neither mother nor I had ever witnessed this sport her consent was readily granted and as darkness came on the negro and Indian unearched from some hiding place in their camp outfit several long pointed spears, that for an hour or two they industriously sharpened.

When the points were as fine as a needle and suited them they lighted a great pine knot at the bow of the dory, dropped the anchor in about ten fathoms of water and silently paddled about the yacht within a radius of a few yards, intently watching the surface of the water for their prey. Soon a school of mullet came flying toward the light and jumping high in the air, scores of them landed in the dory. This fish is what Westerners would call "loco" and the joshing reference to a person being a mullet head means they are persons of very little intelligence. Tales are told in the south of the mullets, attracted by a lantern in a boat, have swamped the latter by jumping into the vessel in such quantities that it capsized. I cannot vouch for this but from what I saw that night I can readily believe it.

Ignoring the leaping mullets the Indian, who stood like a statue at the boat's prow and the negro, who with deft and quiet strokes guided the craft around and around the yacht, waited patiently for the fish they wanted, a sort of plike with a long lithe body and pointed nose that they declared never took bait and were only caught by a net or spear.

With the yacht in darkness and the dory brilliantly lighted by the pine knot it was easy to follow the latter's movements and mother and I were fascinated by the patience of the Indian and the negro's skillful manner of propelling the boat.

Suddenly the Indian raised his spear, the negro stopped paddling and after waiting a second or two to allow the surface of the water to become absolutely calm, the Indian with a powerful sweep of his arm sent the spear hurtling into the water.

Attached to the spear was a light cord and hauling in on this the Indian soon brought to the surface a fine specimen of the whitefish, that later proved delicious eating. For hours mother and I sat spellbound at the agility of the Indian and the accuracy with which he launched the spear that rarely missed its prey. Long after we had secured more than sufficient fish of all kinds to fill our wants we permitted the guide to continue spearing the fish that were attracted by the light, the

surplus coming in handy when we later met the "Count of Monte Cristo."

So interesting in this character that I believe I could write a book about him and his peculiar habits.

Before we left Jacksonville, a newspaper man had given mother a letter addressed "His Excellency the Count of Monte Cristo, Indian River, Florida." The former told mother that the one to whom the letter was addressed was at one time one of the greatest engineers in the world; that he assisted in building the great Suez canal for England and that he was in receipt of a quarterly pension from his government as a token of the latter's gratitude for the wonderful engineering work he had done.

Inquiring of the Indian we discovered that the Englishman's home would be found a few miles north of the Everglades and as we came near the spot the guide pointed to a small shack that stood out prominently against the skyline at the top of a high bluff.

Finding deep water clear to the base of the cliff we drew alongside and discovered that the bluff was composed of cocena, pronounced as if spelled "kokena." This formation is composed of the dead bodies of millions, yes, billions of aquatic insects that are the real builders of coral, on which Florida rests. Dying after they have accomplished their life work, their tiny bodies, mixed with the sea shells and coral, harden and when exposed to the air become like cement. These bluffs such as the one before us were at one time submerged but some great upheaval of nature hundreds of years before had changed the Florida coast line exposing to the elements these tiny insects and their home, that soon became hardened, forming a granite-like cliff perhaps fifty feet high in which the "Count of Monte Cristo" had cut a flight of steps leading up to his home.

Sending the boatman up with the letter of introduction mother and I waited in the yacht for the first sight of this strange human being who though talented, educated far above his fellow men and with means to live, how or where he liked, preferred this lonesome spot, hundreds of miles from human habitation, rather than civilization.

Fully expecting a bearded unkempt individual to appear, mother and I were dumfounded to see making his way down the flight of stone steps an elegantly dressed man of perhaps seventy years, newly shaved, with spotless linen, dressed in a well kept, if old style suit of broadcloth, and wearing on his feet a pair of patent leather pumps over which were the characteristic "spats" found on Broadway and Piccadilly.

As he approached the foot of the stairway he doffed his high silk hat with his gloved hand and making the most courtly bow imaginable invited mother and I to visit his "chateau."

The many peculiar things we found there and the wonderful story of this strange man's life that mother unearched, I am going to tell next week.

Continued Next Week)

The Kind of Taxes That Hurt

San Bernardino realtors, at a meeting held in the City Hall recently, resolved unanimously to oppose the State Water and Power Constitutional Amendment. Following the adoption of the resolution, J. C. Preston, president of the State Board, said "It will mean placing ourselves, our children and our children's children under a bonded indebtedness that would take fifty years to pay off, should the Water and Power Constitutional Amendment carry at the November election.

"It's easy enough to vote a debt of \$500,000,000 upon the State, but it's the paying it off that will hurt. The annual sinking fund provided for in the bill is \$10,000,000 which added to the interest on the enormous debt, which is \$30,000,000 a year, totals \$40,000,000 of yearly accruing debt which the taxpayers would be called upon to assume if this stupendous burden should be shouldered.

"If the State goes into the power business, from eight to ten years would be required to build up markets for the electricity that it would develop. During this period, little or no revenue could be expected, but interest and sinking fund would be accumulating while the slow and uncertain work developing a market was being carried on. In the meantime, people would be obliged to pay taxes on an enormous accumulative investment and that is the kind of taxes that hurt."

THE WET AND DRY ISSUE

The most reliable, intelligent and consistent newspaper exponent in California of light wine and beer has been Editor Harry Hammond of the Byron Times, but being a fearless and honest man he does not propose to have inflicted on the readers of his paper any "camouflage" work of the nature that is being dishonestly attempted by a certain Richardson-hating gang of the State. Read what Mr. Hammond

has to say on the subject in the last issue of his paper:

District Attorney Woolwine of Los Angeles, Democratic candidate for Governor of California, announces part of his platform to be "light wines and beer."

Woolwine is a fine fellow, a likable chap in every way, and also he is intelligent. He knows the only possible chance to win the Governorship is on this very platform of wine and beer.

But in this bidding for the votes of those who would like to see beer and wine on the menu again, he knows he is chasing after false gods and sailing under false colors.

It is a joke, this wine and beer talk, for the Governor of a State has as much power to bring these forbidden luxuries back as the breweries themselves, which is none.

The whole agitation is a fraud, and the voters will not be deceived thereby, though the "machine" and its "boss" on the Republican side will make every endeavor to convey the impression that Woolwine is honest in his intention and can accomplish something. They would rather see a Democratic Governor than one who has defied them, as Richardson has done.

Woolwine and his beer-and-wine will cut no figure in the campaign. The voters know a thing or two these days, and they are not being led into any such blind alleys.

Richardson will sweep the State, the "boss" and his wrecking gang and all the other of smaller ilk who suck on every occasion at the public teat to the contrary notwithstanding.

The man who gets married four times makes a good husband. Toward the last he gets to be a pretty fair dishwasher.

If the average man had to spend a whole day as a telephone operator he'd change his mind about how the exchange ought to be run.

The trouble with this country is too many politicians are making "keynote speeches" when they ought to be at home reading bedtime stories.

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